

MOTTETS

K. + R. 7.

OF TWO VOYCES

G. 22

FOR { TREBLE
OR
TENOR } and { BASS.

With the CONTINUED BASS or SCORE:

To be performed to an *Organ, Harpspycon, Lute* or
Bass-Viol.

PUBLISHED

By *WALTER PORTER*,

Who was one of the Gentlemen of the Royal Chappel of the
late King, and Master of the Choristers at *Westminster*.

BASSO CONTINUO.

LONDON,

Printed by *WILLIAM GODBID* for the Author.

1657.

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To the highly Honour'd, and most Hopefull Gentleman,
EDWARD LAURENCE Esq;

SIR,

BEfore I pay my Debt to Nature, I would willingly discharge the Debt I owe to your so many Civilities and Favours. And I should then Depart well pleas'd; could I leave something to shew, That I have Lived; And a Testimony that I Died with the Honour of being knowne Your Servant. How farre These few MOTTETS (which I here humbly present you) will contribute to the Ambition of my Designe; the Modesty of an Old Man, alwayes distrusting his owne Compositions, may make him suspect: Which yet cannot but find a Pardon, if not a Patronage from a Soule so Harmonious as Yours. However the Offer is Pious, and the Adventure Noble, that I should Dare to put a Spirit (for the Note is That by which they Breath) into the Words of Excellent *Sandys*: Words so Pure and Proper, as that *David* Himself would have sung them with Joy: I might without Prophanation have spoke higher. And had the Church of *England* but the Happiness to receive into Her Assemblies Those Psalms Thus Translated; Her Enemies long before this would have turn'd their Scorn into Envy, and Witty Atheists their Scoffs into Admiration. I am sure the Prudent Worshipper of God, in stead of Scandal, had receiv'd Delight. I complain not of all; Some I confess are Tolerable. In the mean time I am among Those, who Mourn to see, These transcendently Holy Raptures even in Publick Worship exposed to so much Scandal and Scorn. I could not say less to Advance the Subject of my Mottets: Nor can I speak too much to Excuse the Meanness of the Composition: yet, having followed the Grounds of an Art by me studied more then 50 years, something in These may prove not unworthy of Your Eye: though the Author has at present little else to bring him forth from Obscurity, then the Honour He hopes to receive of being acknowledged, Sir,


Your ever obliged and
ready humble Servant

W. P.

To all Lovers of MUSICK.

Gentlemen,



Must confesse the most of these Mottets were composed for a great Lover of Musick, and my especial friend, Sir Edward Spencer, an Honorable Mecenas to all Virtuoso's known to him; a person indued with exemplary gifts and virtues, who I presum'd would have liv'd to have seen them published, but God hath taken him, unto whose glorious Name I doubt not but he sings Alleluiahs in the Heavenly Quire: whose goodness, though he be missing, lives in his virtuous Lady, continuing favours and noble respect to all he lov'd and esteemed; giving them to understand, their friend is not dead to them, as long as she is living, for which may she find her reward in heaven. This worthy friend of mine being taken away, weighing my deep engagements to several friends, but disabled (being plung'd by these tempestuous times in many dangerous stormes of adversity, and growing calamities) to retaliate their many civilities and courtesies, yet willing, notwithstanding, to return some grateful acknowledgment, resolv'd to tender these Mottets to them, not offering them for their worthiness or merit, but as a testimony and call demonstration of my sincere and cordiall respect, not having, according to the blessed Apostle St. Peter, either Gold or Silver, but such as I have, &c. My aim in the Composing these Divine Hymnes, was at Good Ayre, Variety, and to marry the Words and Notes wel together, according to the saying of that famous Musician, Mr. Robert Johnson; I desire those to whom any of these things shall come, to have them well voic'd, humor'd, and sung right, and to follow the rule of that excellent Musician, my worthy friend, Mr. Thomas Ford, who familiarly said, and knew it by experience, that no Song could be so well sung and humor'd, as that which was known to the Performers by practise: If you shall vouchsafe to follow his rule, and satisfie my request, I shall adventure to say with the Italian, Spero Che questa cosa non vuol dispiacere: I hope these things will not displease you. The Inducement of my Composing of Parts onely, was in regard of the scarcity of Voyces, it being both difficult and troublesome to get two Voyces, much more three or foure together, to Sing Sure and Masterlike: And the Ignorant judge frequently by the Performance, not by the Composition; which caus'd that unparalell'd Master of Musick, my good Friend and Maestro, to vindicate a good Composition ill performed, affirming that had he been Redior Chori, he would have made that Song before judg'd bad, to have pass'd for good. So advantageous and necessary is the Judicious ordering and management of Musick. This I am to advertise you, that you are to sing but where there are Words, or this signe of Repetition , having made the Singing Bass a Thorough Bass; and that all the Words of these Mottets are taken out of the learned Poet Mr. George Sandys his Paraphrase on the Holy Psalmes of David, but onely the Third and Fifth. So entreating your Acceptance and charitable censure, as also to amend the defects of the Composition in your well-performance, I rest

Yours in all love

WALTER PORTER.

Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

To Sir WILLIAM OVVEN.

I.

When Israel

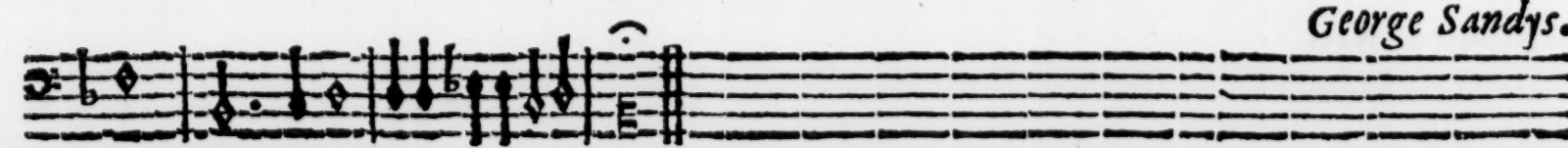
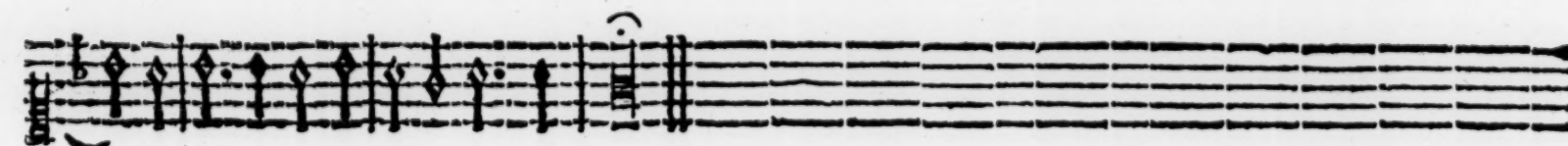
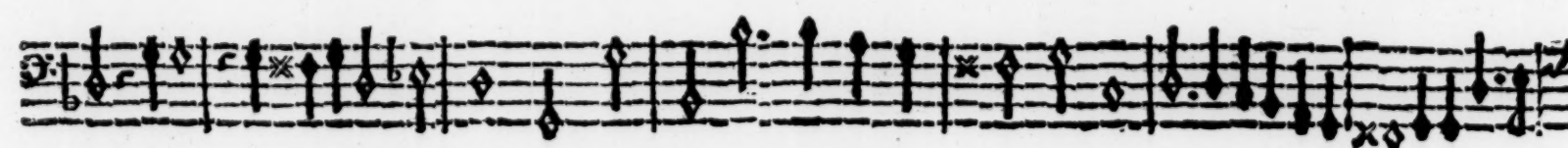
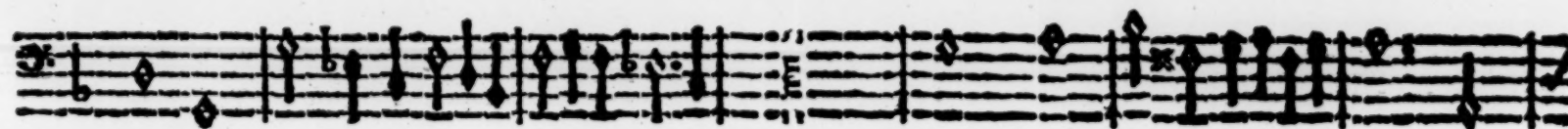
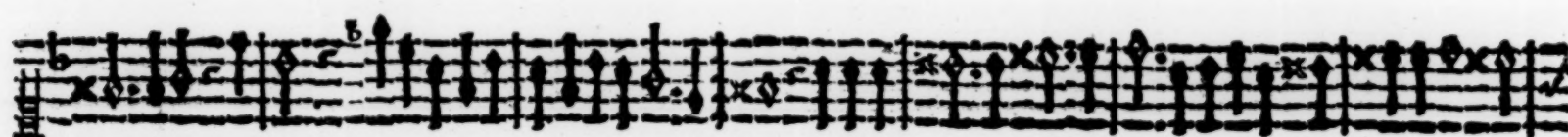
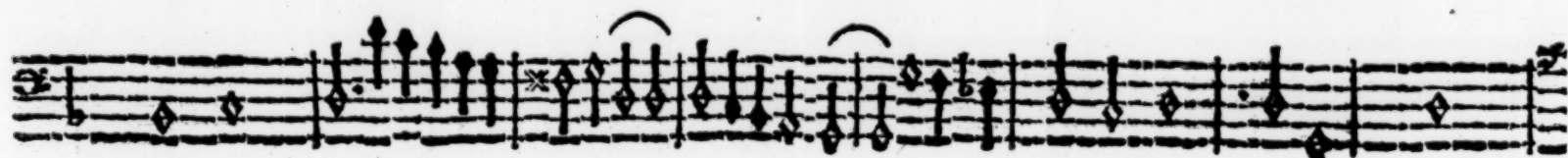
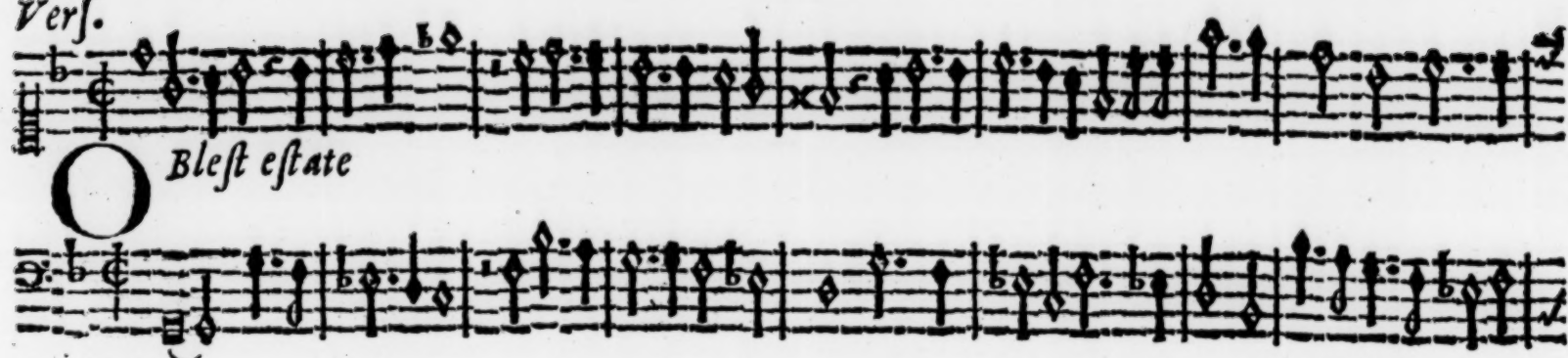
George Sandys.

Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

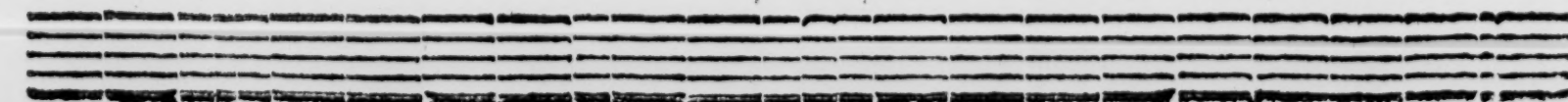
To Sir JOHN THOROVVGOD.

I I.

Vers.



George Sandys.



Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

TO SIR EDVARD SEBRIGHT.

III.

B *Ehold*

S.

S.

Psal. 134.

Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. *Walter Porter.*

TO MR. EDVVARD MONTAGUE.

IV.

The musical score is written for two voices and basso continuo. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff is for the upper voice, and the second staff is for the lower voice. The basso continuo line is written on a single staff with a C-clef. The music is in a common time signature (C). The piece is titled 'How long' and is by George Sandys. The score consists of 11 staves in total, with the first two staves being the vocal parts and the remaining nine staves being the basso continuo line. The music is written in a style typical of the 17th century, with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

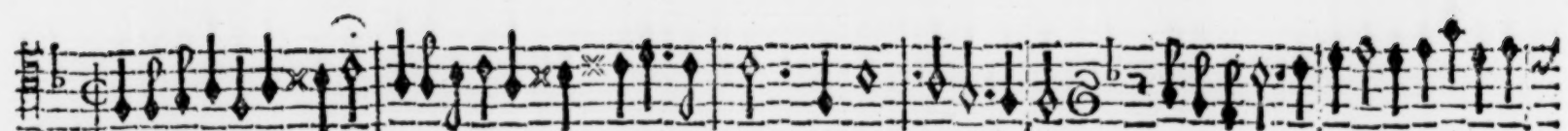
How long

George Sandys.

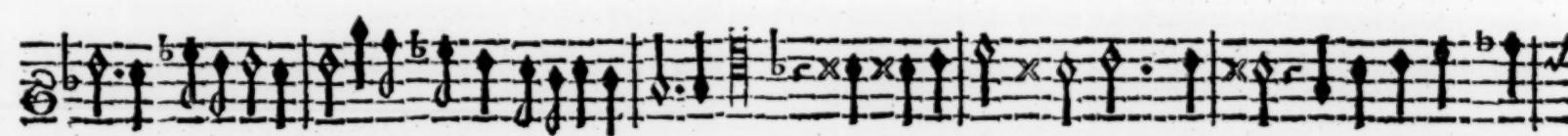
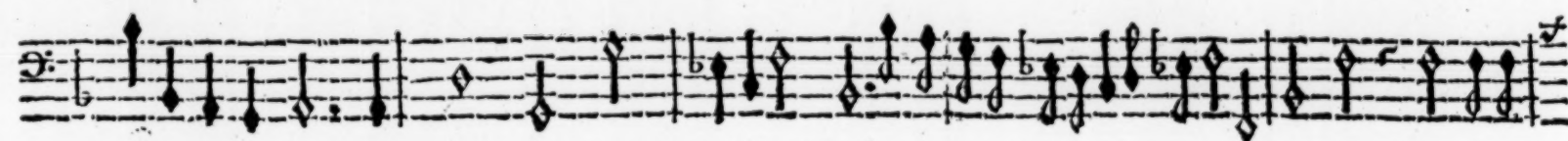
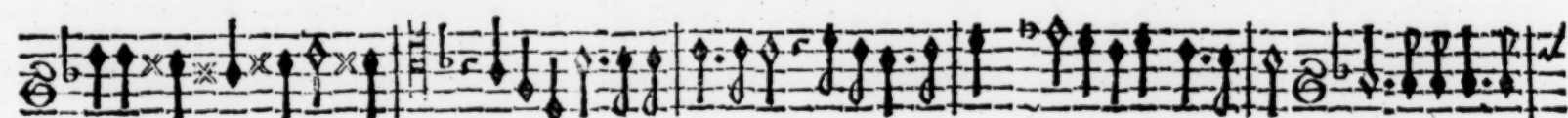
Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

To JOHN MOSTYN, Esq;

V.



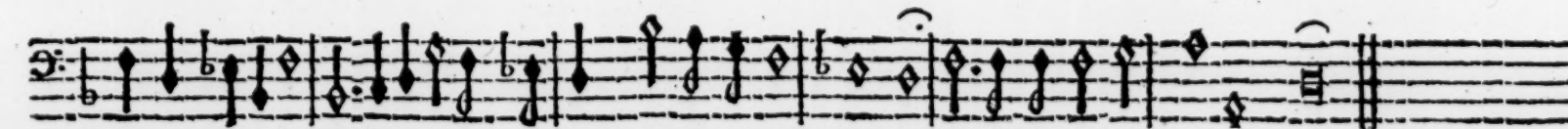
I Will lift up



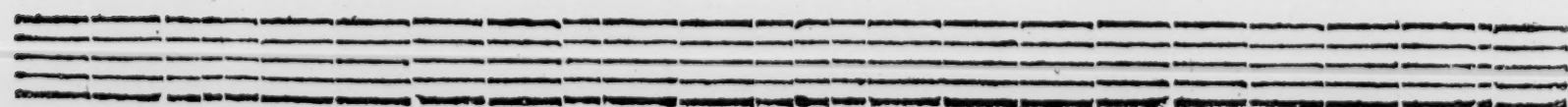
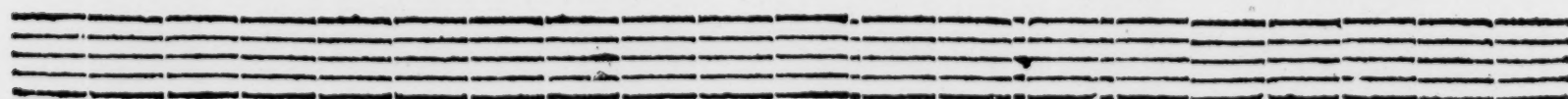
Chor.



Chor.



E S.



Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. *Walter Porter.*

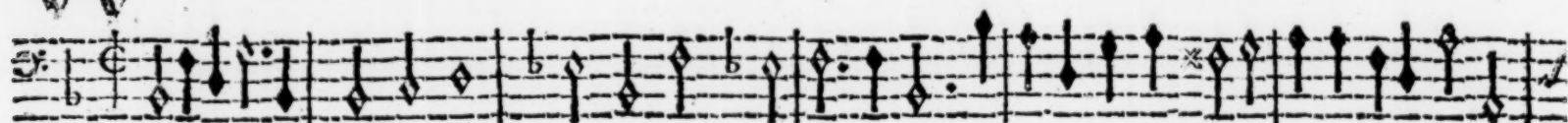
TO SIR JOHN BROVVN, Esq;

VI.

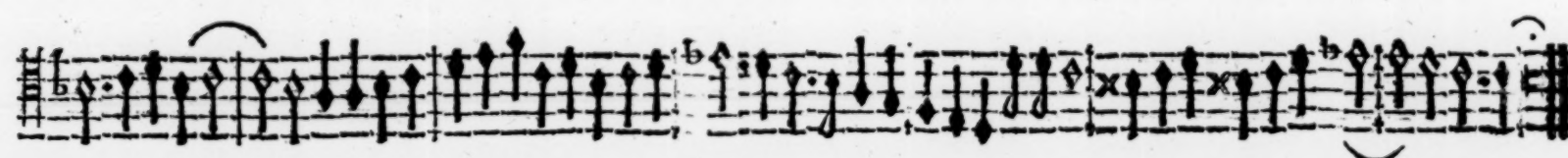
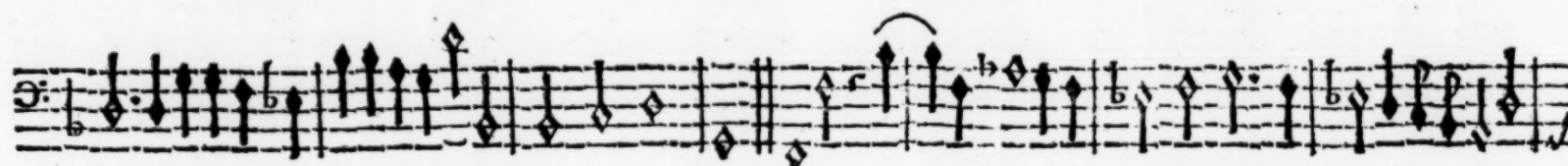
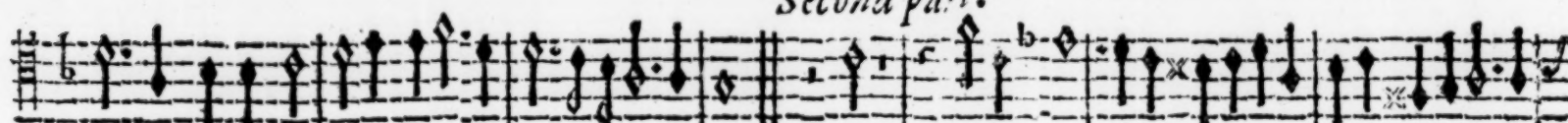
First part.



W *Ho knows the terror*



Second part.



TO JUSTINIAN PAGET, Esq;

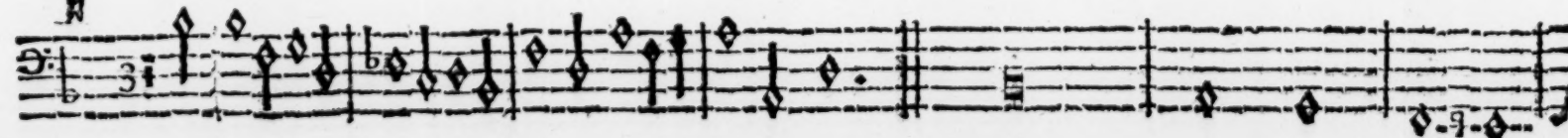
VII.

Chor.

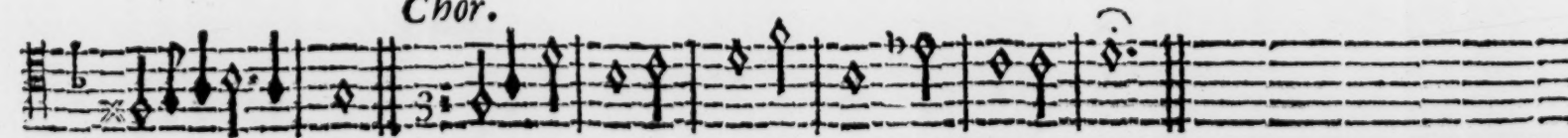
Verf.



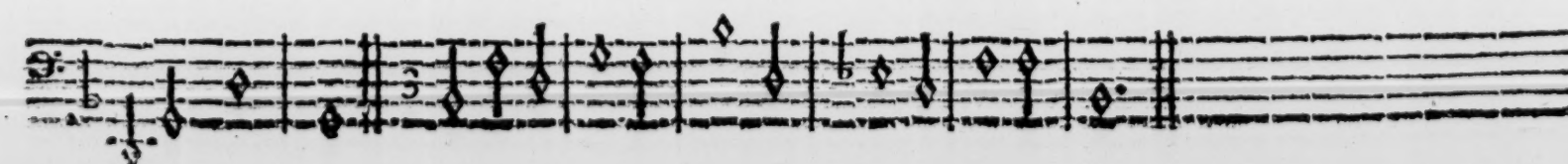
T *Hy bounty*



Chor.



George Sandys.



Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

To Mr. WILLIAM SETTERTHVVAIT.

X.

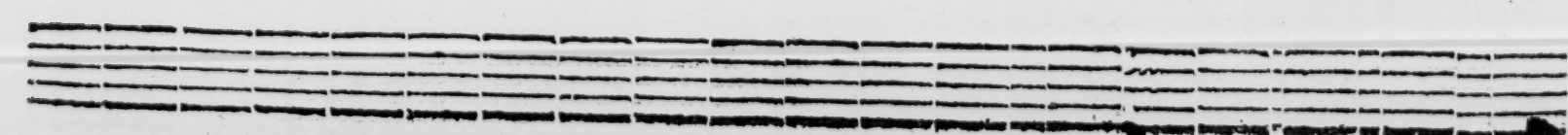
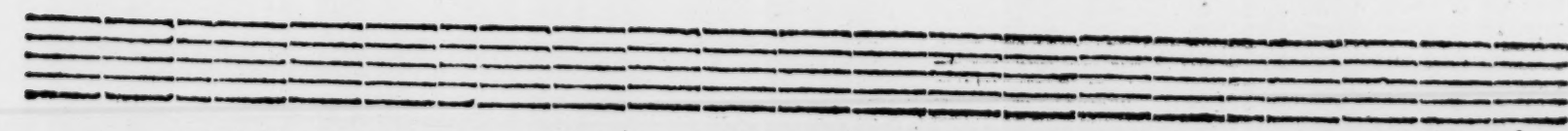
First part.



C *Aft off*



Second part.



George Sandys.

Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

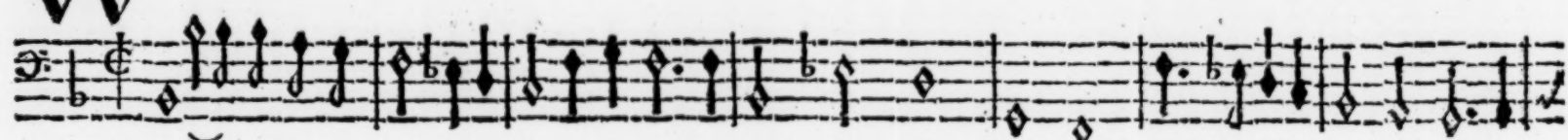
TO Mr. LAMBERT ORBERSTYN.

IX.

Vers.



W hen I the bold



Chor.

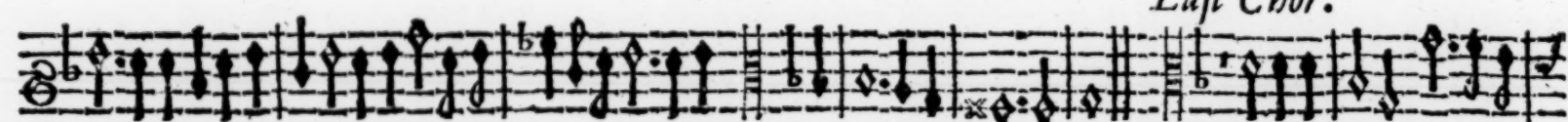
Vers.



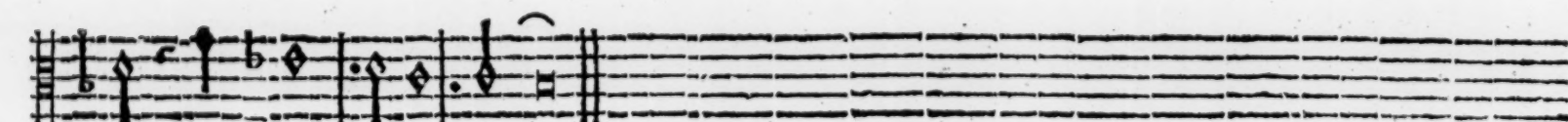
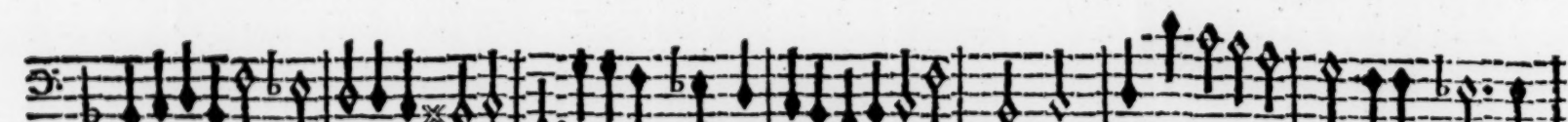
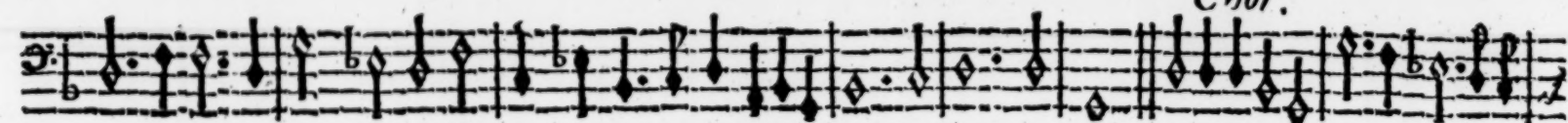
Vers.



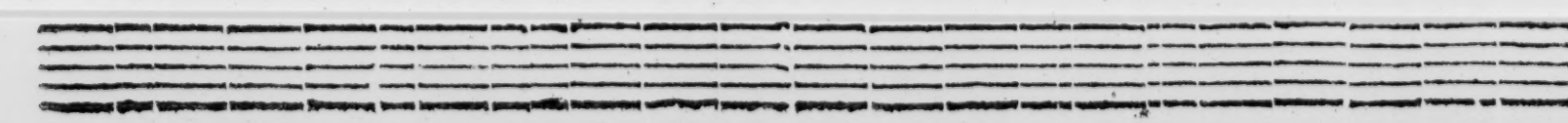
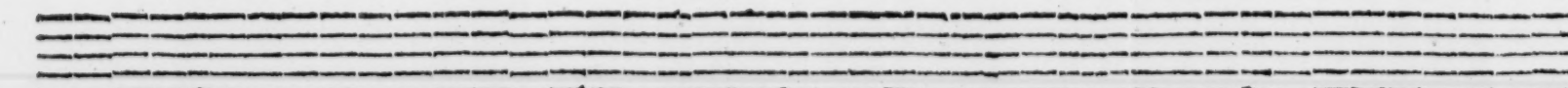
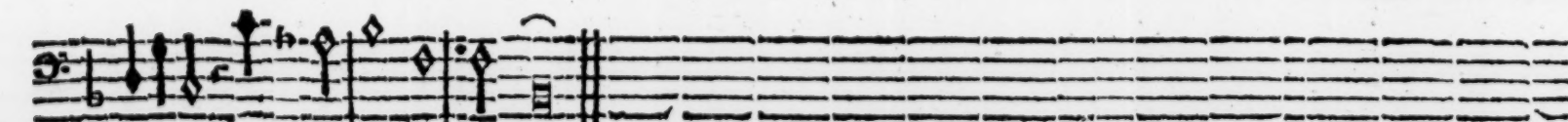
Last Chor.



Chor.



George Sandys.

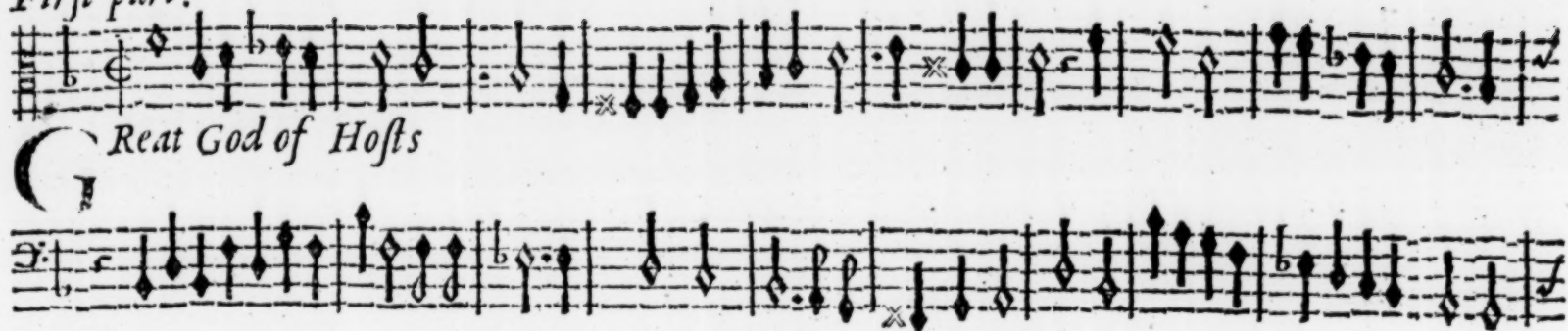


Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

TO MR. RICHARD BUSBY.

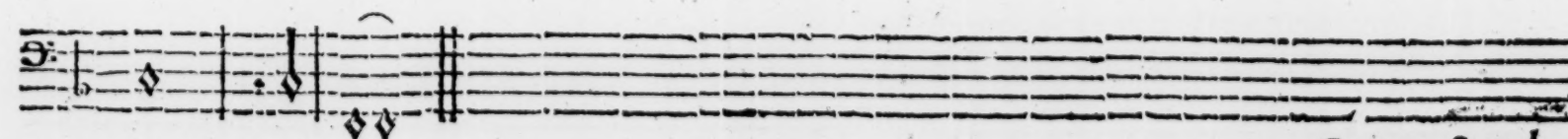
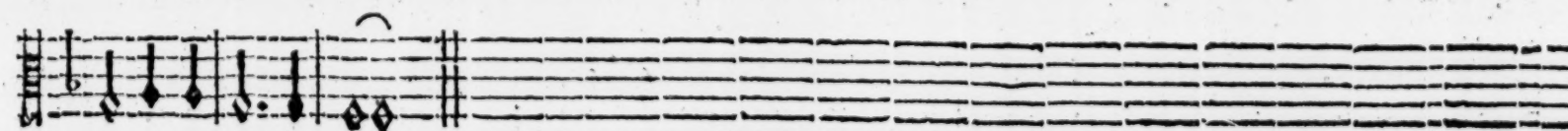
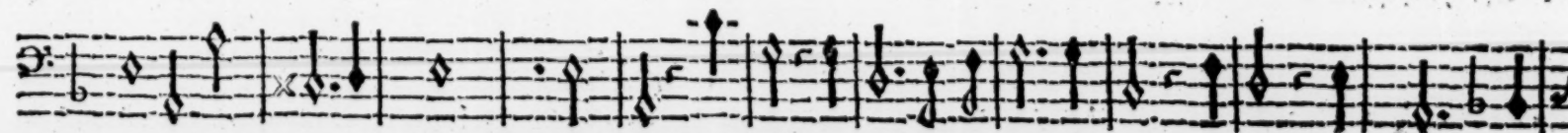
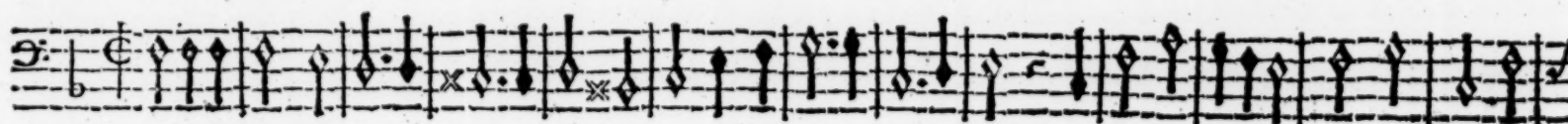
X.

First part.

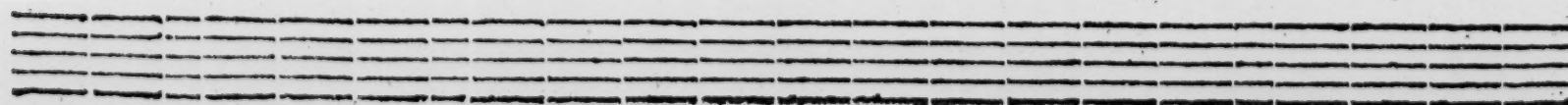
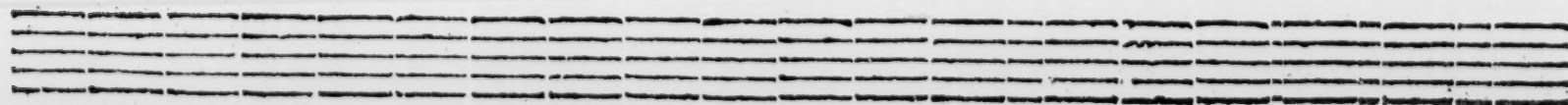


Second part.

How long shall they, &c.



George Sandys.



Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

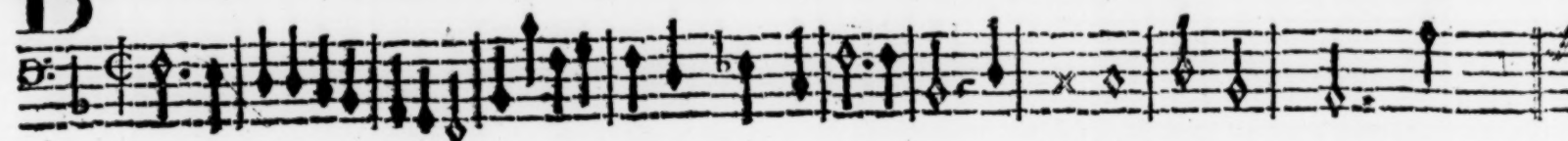
To Captain WILLIAM CRESSET.

XI.

Vers.



But O thrice blessed he



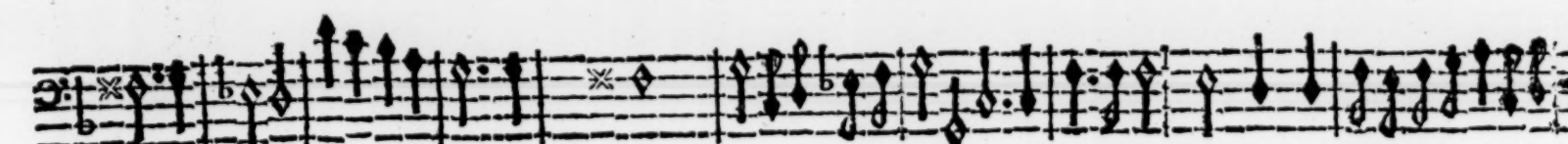
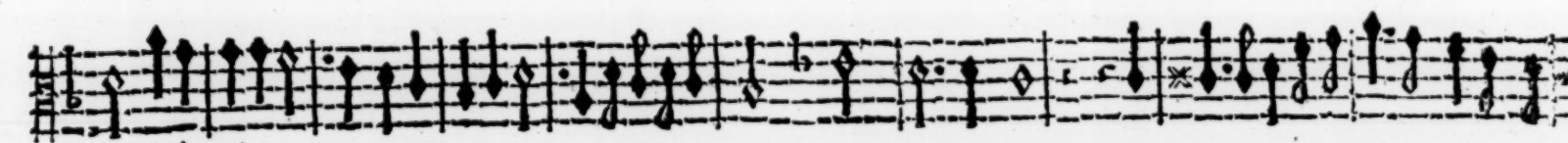
Chor.

Vers.



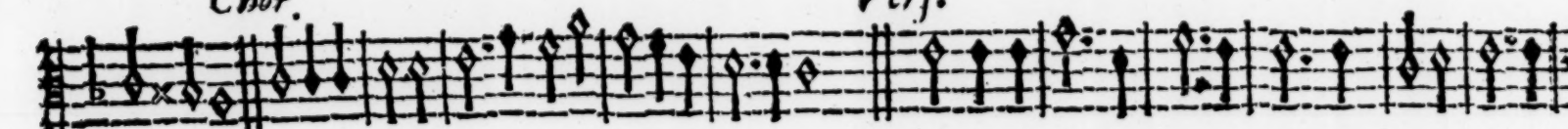
Chor.

Vers.



Chor.

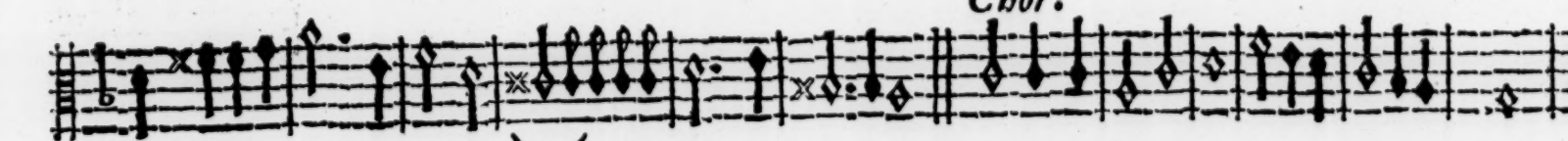
Vers.



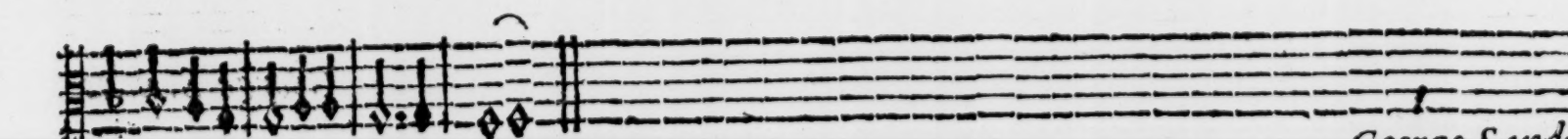
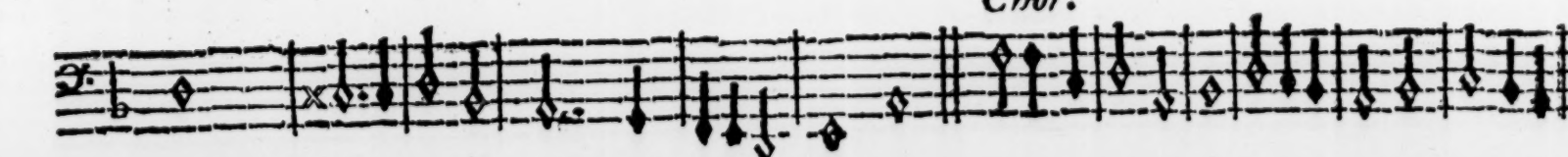
Chor.



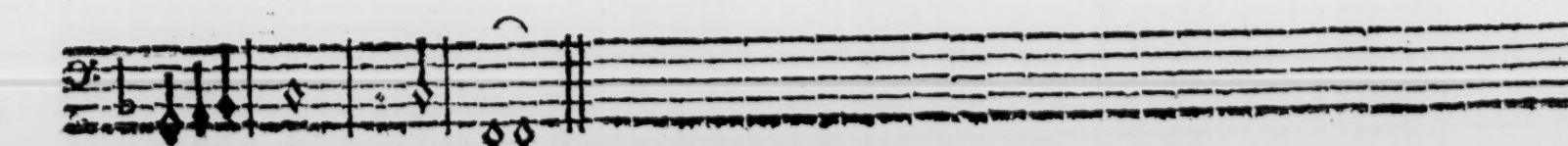
Chor.



Chor.



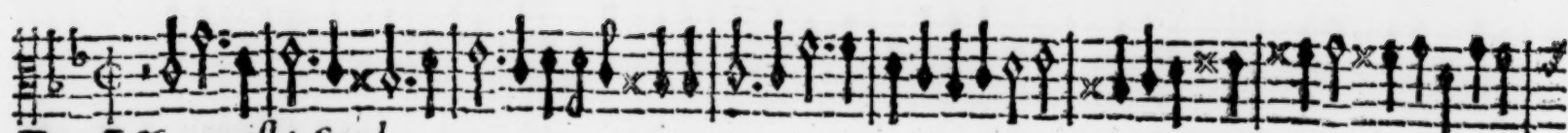
George Sandys.



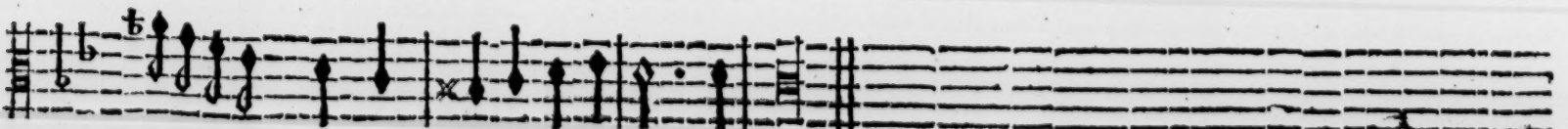
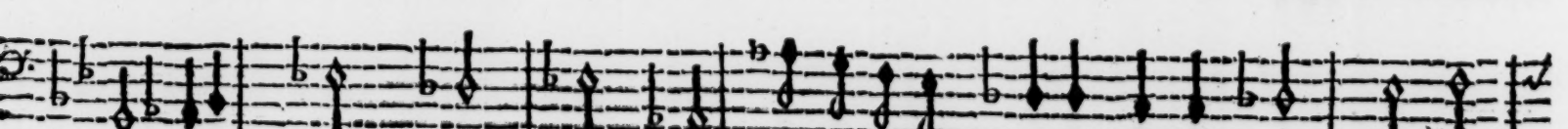
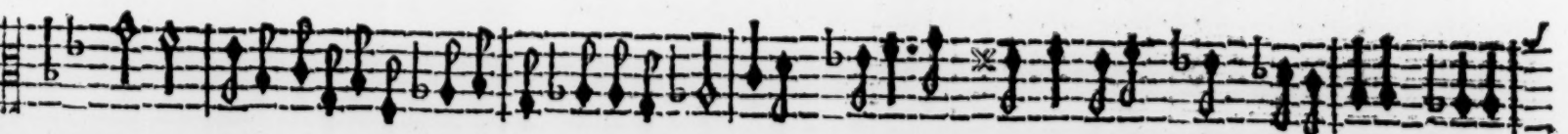
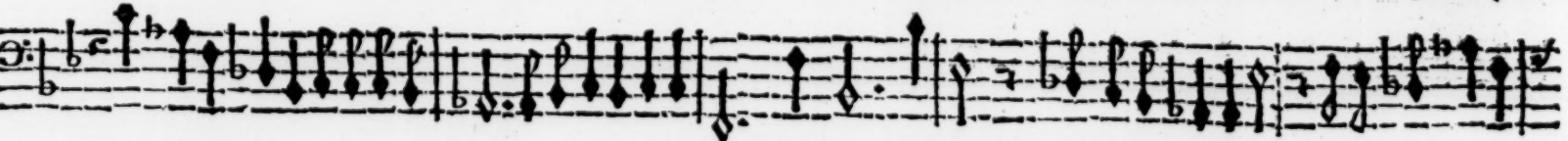
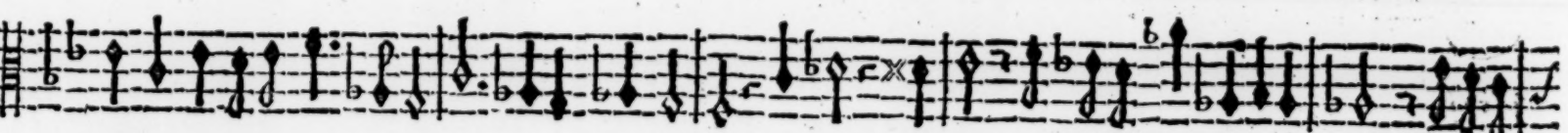
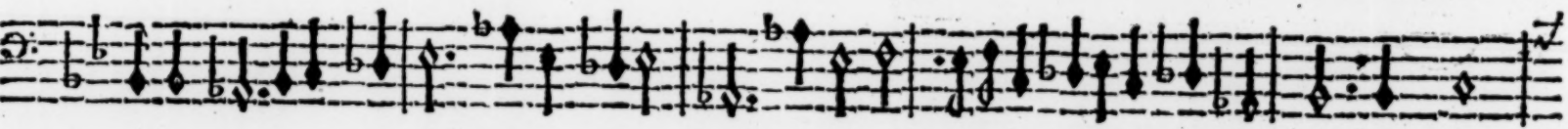
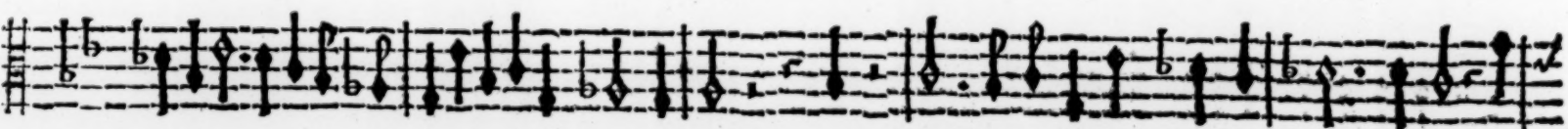
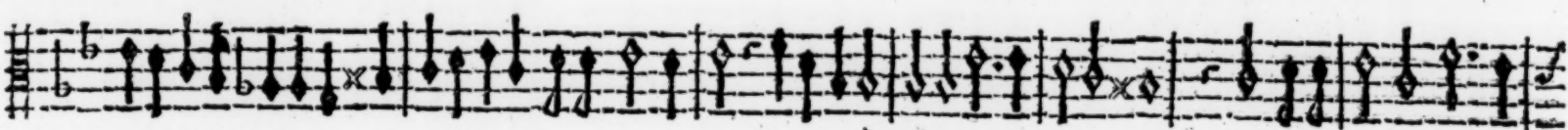
Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. *Walter Porter.*

To Mr. JAMES HOVEL Esq;

XII.



MY ravisht Soul



George Sandys.

Mottets of 2 Voyces. Basso continuo. Walter Porter.

TO MR. GEORGE PALMER.

XIII.

Vers. *Chorus 3 times over.*
Ord shewre on us

Vers.

Vers.

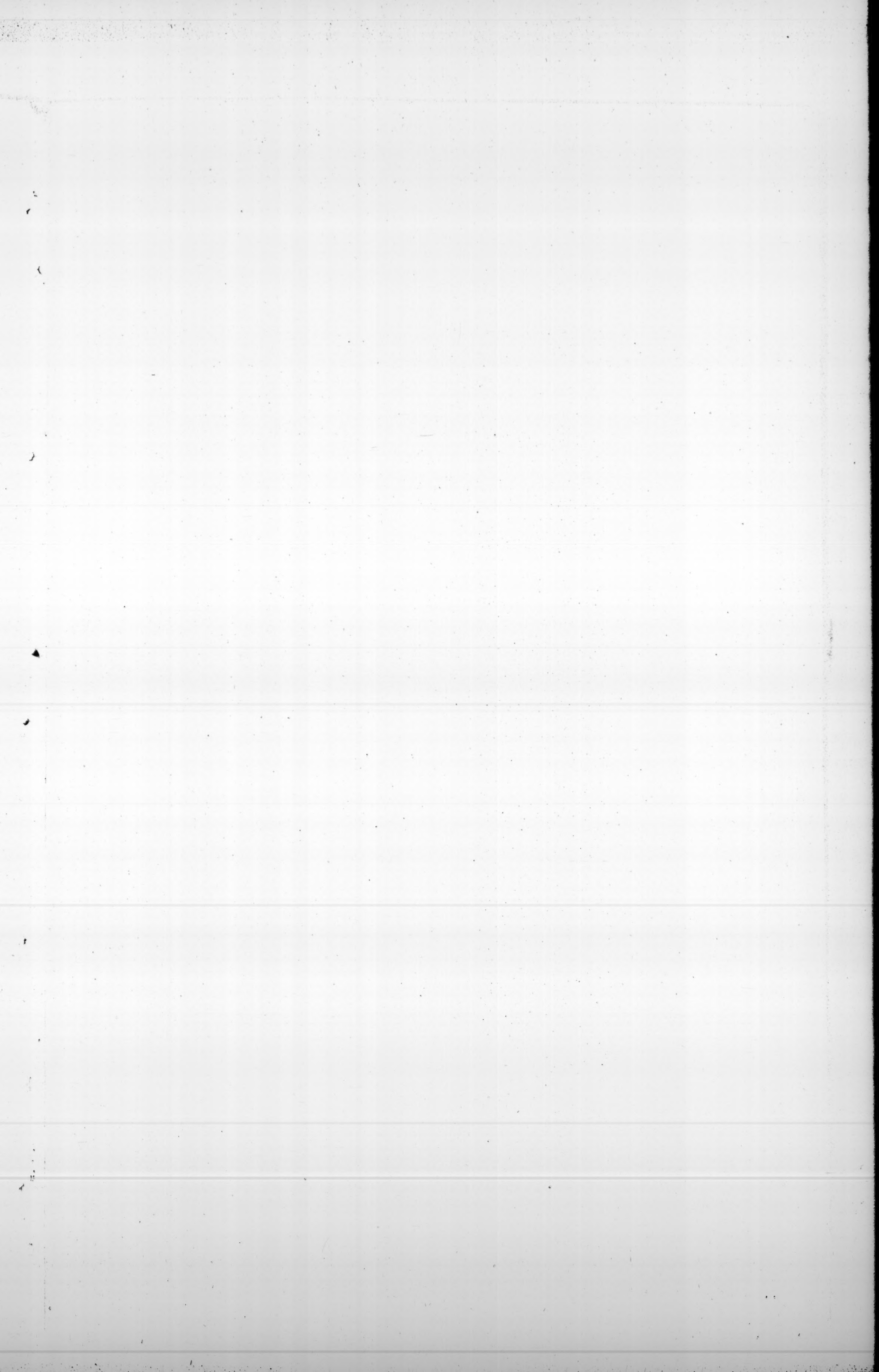
Chor.

Chor.

Vers.

Chor.

Chor. George Sandys.



Mottets of 2 Voyces.

BASSUS.

Walter Porter.

To JOHN MOSTYN, Esq;

V.

Vers.



I will lift up

Ev'n from the



Lord my help doth come, who made of Heav'n and Earth the total sum



See see and behold, for he that *Israel* keeps

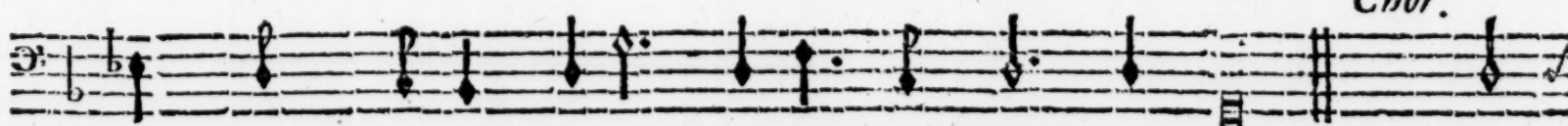


shall not be seiz'd with slumber nor with sleep:



Neither the Sun by Day, nor the Moon nor the Moon by Night;

Chor.

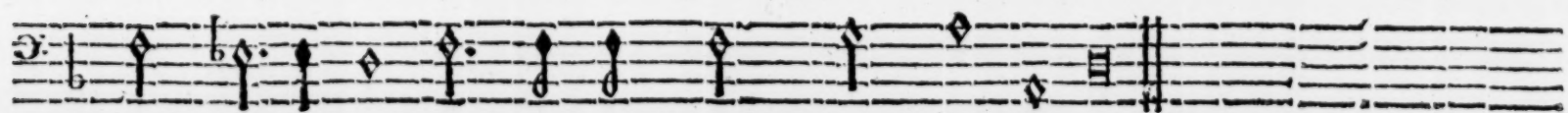


nay, th' Lord himself preserve preserve thy Soul with light:

The

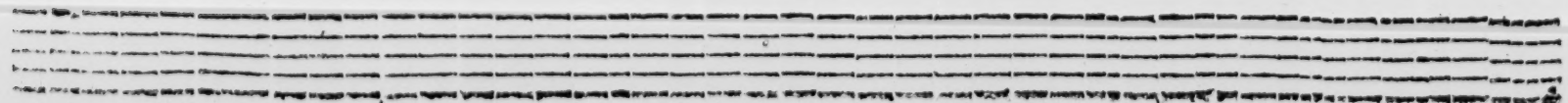


Lord preserve thy going out, and coming in, for evermore, for evermore,



from hurt or sin, from hurt or wrong, from shame or sin.

E. S.



Mottets of 2 Voyces.

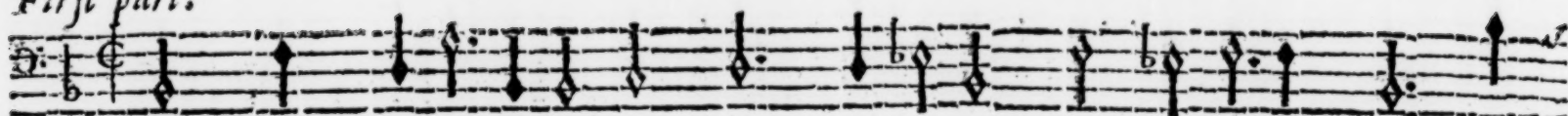
BASSUS.

Walter Porter.

To JOHN BROVVN Esq;

VI.

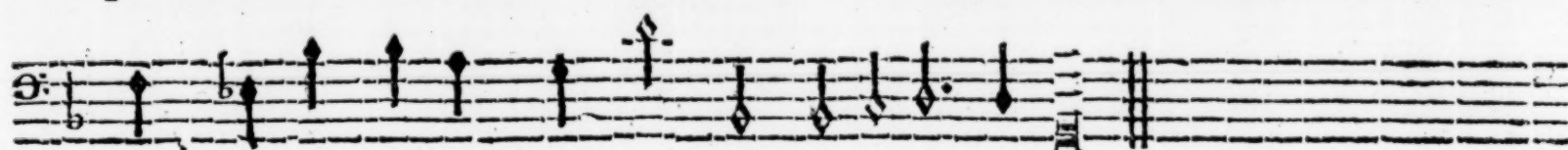
First part.



Who knows the terror of thy wrath, or to thy dreadful anger hath pro-

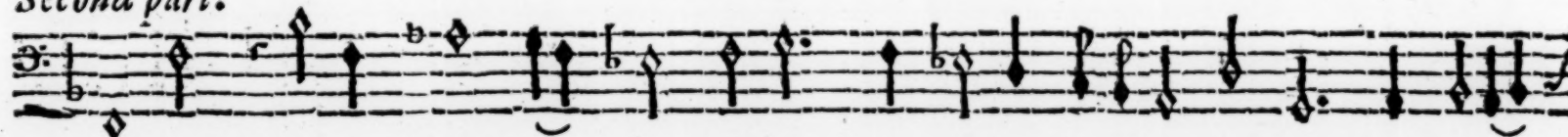


-portion'd his due fear? Teach us to number our frail daies, that we our

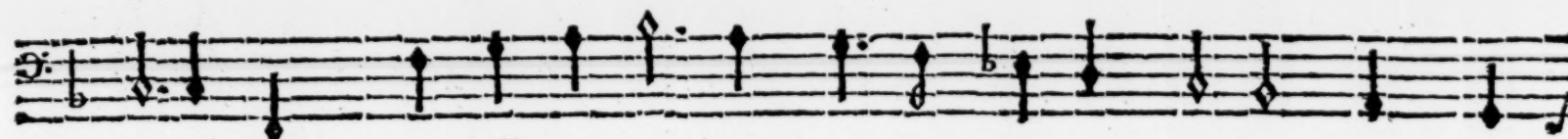


Hearts to thee to thee may raise, and wisely sin forbear.

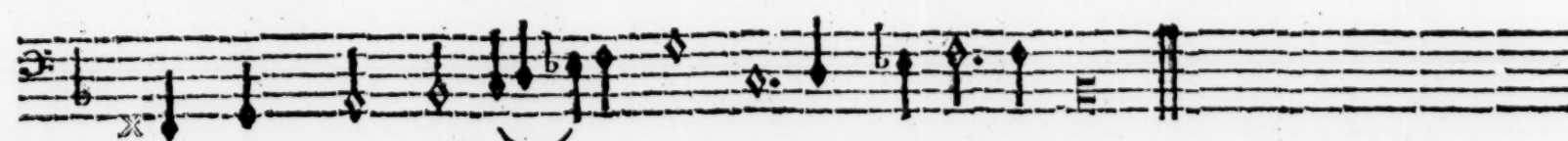
Second part.



Lord, O how long! at length relent! and of our miseries repent; thy early



mercy shew: That we may unknown comfort unknown comfort taste: For



those long dayes of sorrow past, as long of joy bestow.

George Sandys.

To JUSTINIAN PAGET Esq;

VII.

Chorus



The Bounty of *Jehovah* praise: This God of gods all Scepters swaies.

Vers.

Chor.



For from the King of Kings eternal mercy springs.

Him praise who fram'd the arch'd Skie;
Those Orbs that move so orderlie.
Firm Earth above,
The Flouds that move

Display'd and rais'd the Hills on high.
For from the King of Kings
Eternal mercy springs.

George Sandys.

Mottets of 2 Voyces.

BASSUS.

Walter Porter.

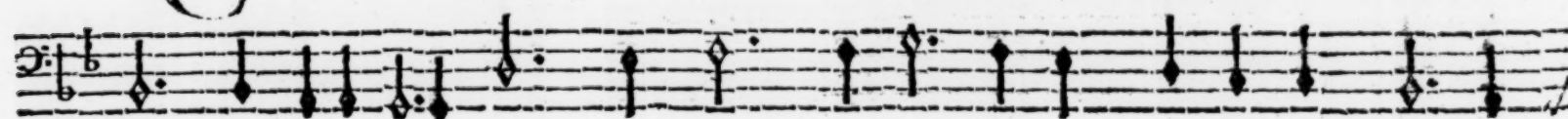
TO MR. WILLIAM SETTERTHVVAIT.

VIII.

First part.



Cast off, and scattered scattered in thine Ire in thine Ire : Lord on our



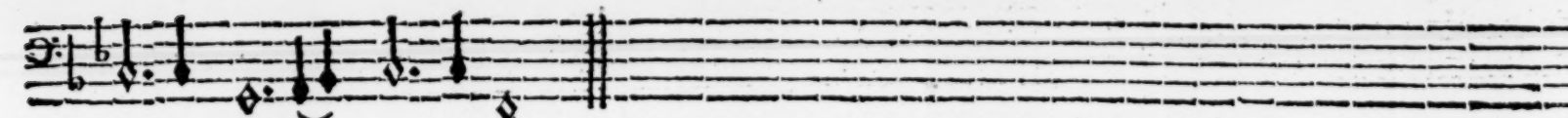
woes with pity pity look. The Lands inforc'd inforc'd foundations shook in-



-forc'd foundations shook ; whose yawning ruptures sighs sighs sighs expire.



O O cure the breaches the breaches thou hast rent, and make her make her

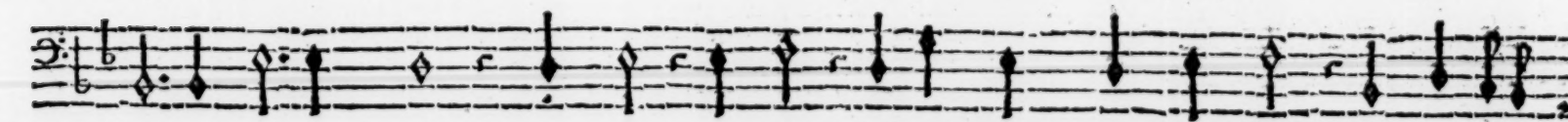


firmly firmly permanent.

Second part.



Our Souls thou hast with sorrow fed with sorrow fed ; and mad'st us drink of



deadly deadly Wine : Yet now yet now thy Ensigns giv'st to thine thy Ensigns



giv'st to thine to thine Ev'n when beset with trem-bling dread that we thy



Banner may display, that we thy Banner may display, whilst truth to



conquest conquest makes our way.

George Sandys.

Mottets of 2 Voyces.

BASSUS.

Walter Porter

To Mr. LAMBERT ORBERSTYN.

IX.

Vers.



When I the bold
Chor.



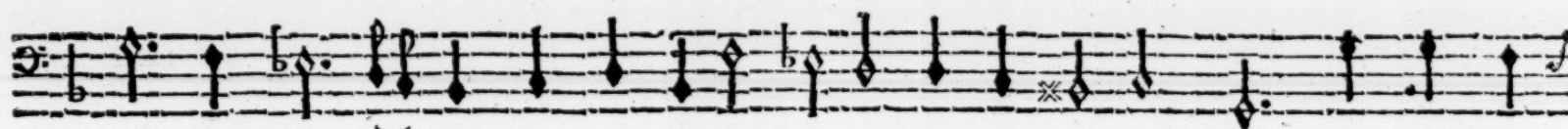
become of all abhorr'd. Their words are vain and full and full of guile; they



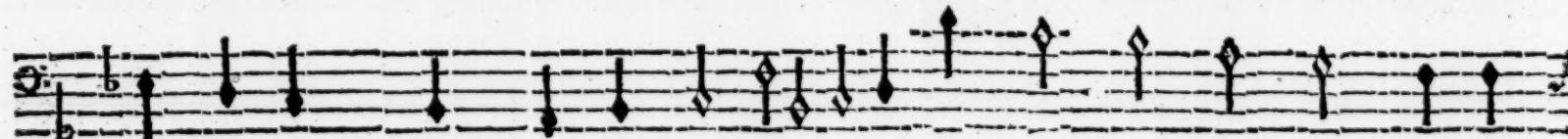
wisdome from their hearts their hearts exile; forsaken Virtue hate: Who



mischiefe on their beds contrive, and vices propagate. Let not the feet of



pride of pride de-feat, nor such as are in mischief in mischief great my guiltless

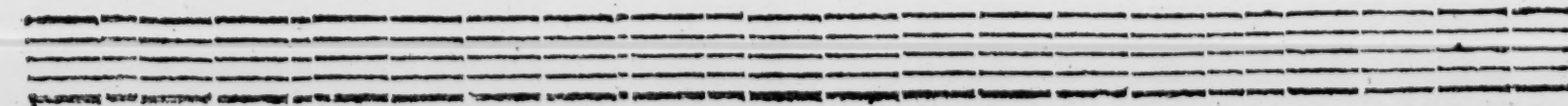
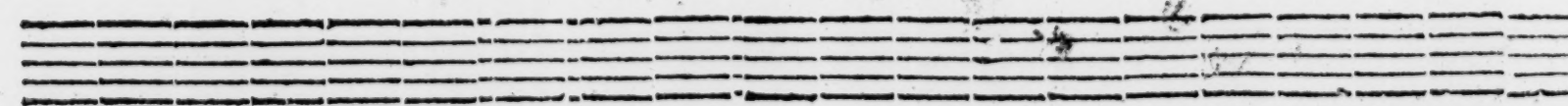


Soul surprife. The workers of Iniquitie are false are false like Meteors



from the skie: cast down, cast down, no more to rise.

George Sandys.



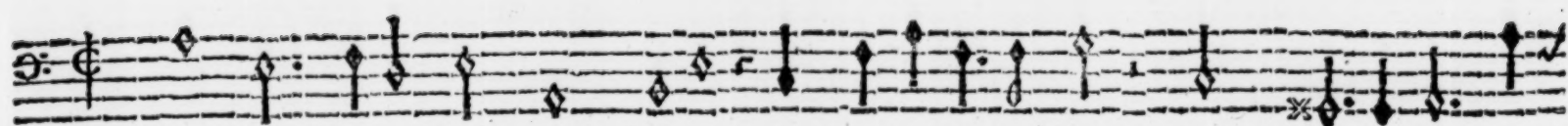
Mottets of 2 Voyces.

BASSUS.

Walter Porter.

TO MR. WILLIAM FULLER.

XIV.



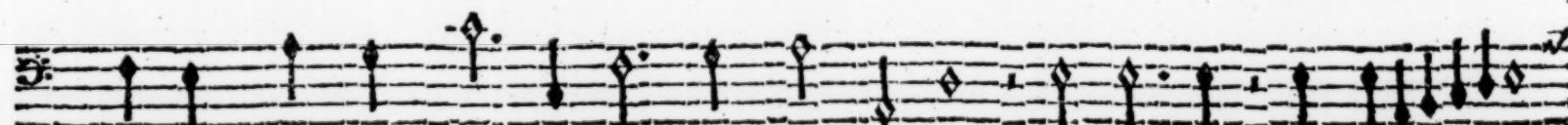
WHo knows who knows what his offences be? From secret sins O



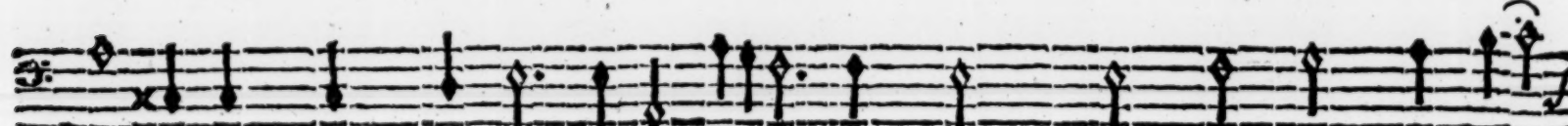
clense O clense thou me! And from presumptuous crimes restrain, nor let them



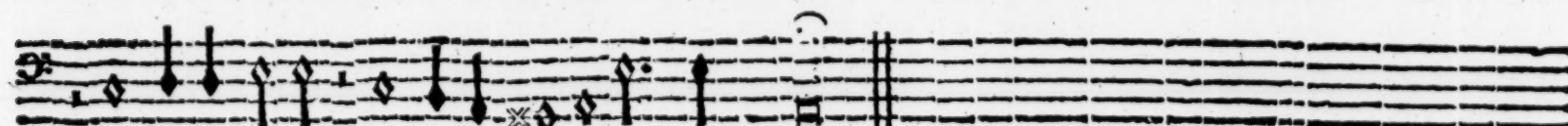
in thy Servant reign: so shall I live in Innocence, so shall I live in Innocence, not



spotted with that great offence that great offence. My Fortrefs, my Deliverer,

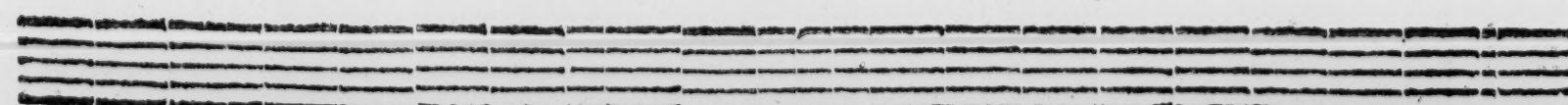
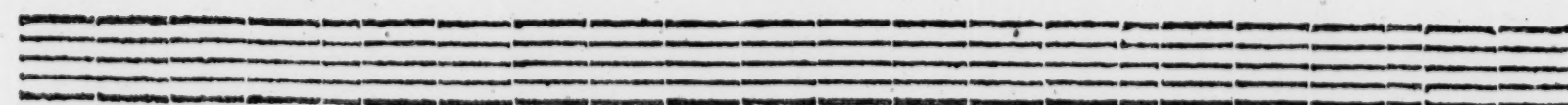
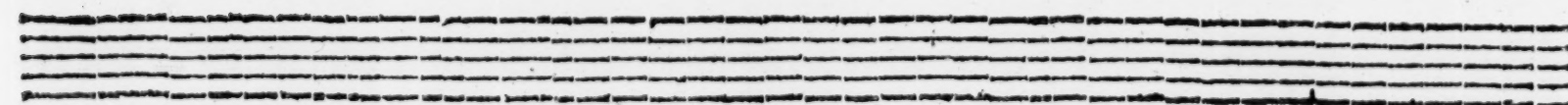
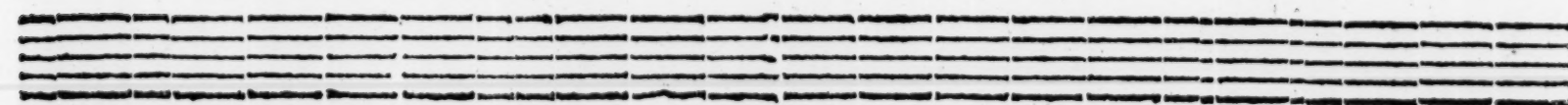


O let the prayers my lips prefer prefer, & thoughts which from my heart arise,



be acceptable be acceptable in thine eyes.

George Sandys.

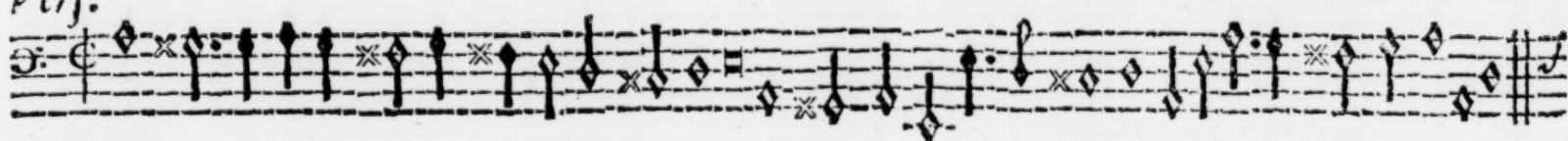


Mottets of 2 Voyces. BASSUS. Walter Porter.

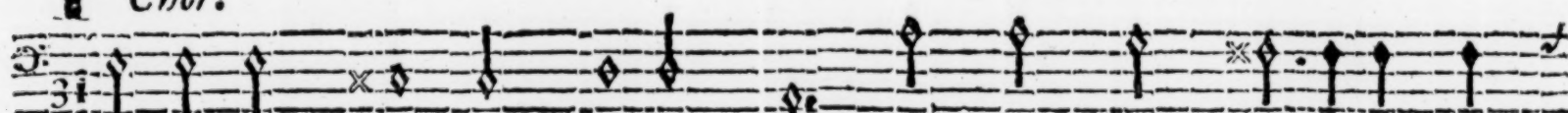
To Mr. ROBERT COLEMAN.

XV.

Vers.



T *Hou Mover*
Chor.



As Servants mark their Masters hands, as Maids their Mistresses com-

Vers.



-mands, and liberty expect. So we deprest by enemies, and growing troubles,



fix our Eyes on God, who sits on high; Till he in mercy shall descend to

Chor.



give our miseries an end, and turn our tears our tears to joy. Till he in mercy

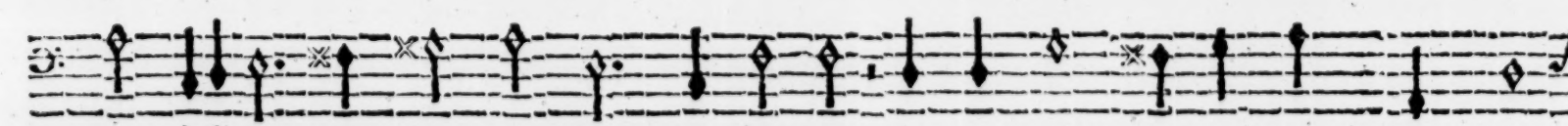


shall descend to give our miseries an end, and turn our tears our tears to joy.

Last Chor.



O save us, Lord, us, Lord, O save us, Lord, us, Lord, by all forlorn, the



subject of contempt and scorn, the subject of contempt of contempt and scorn



and scorn. Defend us from their pride, who live in fluency and ease; who

Slow time.

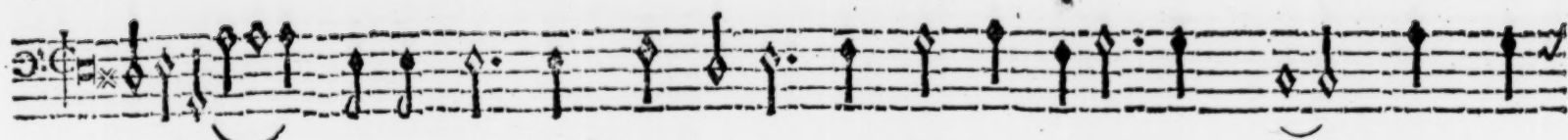


who with our woes their malice please, and miseries deride.

George Sandys.

TO MR. EDVVARD WORMAL.

XVI.



O Happy he, who God obeys, nor from his directions strays: thou shalt



of thy labours feed; all shall to thy wish thy wish succeed: Like a fair and



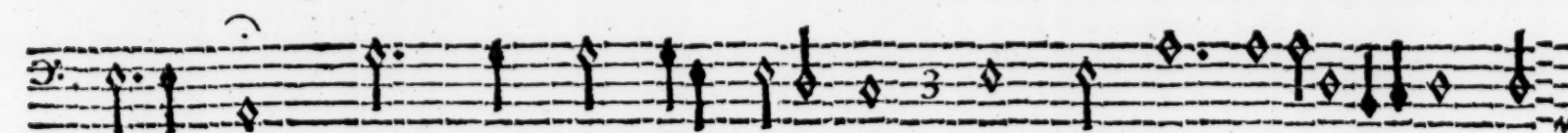
fruitful Vine, by thy House thy Wife shall join: Sons, obedient to command,



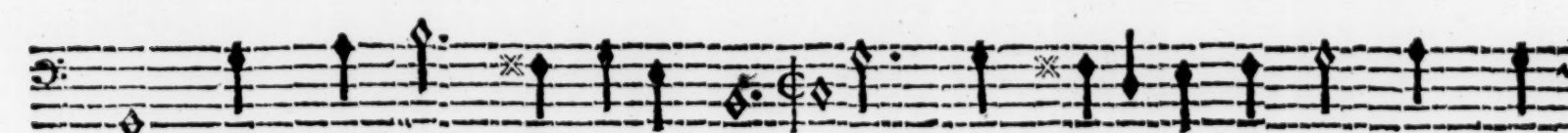
Shall about thy Table stand; shall like green plants of Olives, set



by the moistning rivulet. He who fears the power above, thus shall prosper



in his love. God shall thee from *Sion* bless; thou shalt joy in the suc-

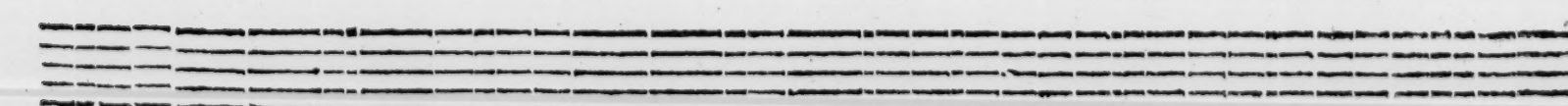
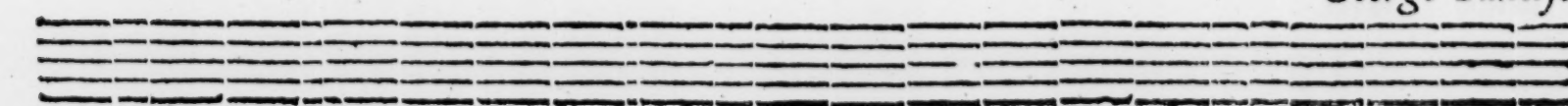


cess which the Lord will *Salem* give, while thou hast a day to live; thou shalt



see thou shalt see our *Israels* peace, and thy childrens large increase.

George Sandys.



Mottets of 2 Voyces.

BASSUS.

Walter Porter.

To Mr. JOHN HILTON, B. M.

XVII.

Vers.

Chor.

My Soul

In misery he heard he heard thy cry, to him thy

Vers.

Prayers thy Prayers direct. Sorrows of Death my Soul assail'd, the greedy

Chor.

jaws of Hell of Hell prevail'd : Deprest deprest with grief, when all relief and

Vers.

Chor.

humane pity fail'd ;

O from the Grave thy Servant thy

Last Chor.

Servant save ; for mercy lives in thee. The Innocent and long distrest, the

humble mind by wrongs opprest ; thy favour still preserves from ill : My

Soul then take then take thy rest.

George Sandys.

